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2



A CIVIL SERVICE REFORM VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE.

PRESIDENT-ELECT CLEVELAND (*to Democratic "Spoils" Wolf*).—"I shall not discharge the corrupt Republican watch-dogs only to make room for you, my friend. That's not the kind of Civil Service Reform *I* mean!"

## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - JOS. KEPPLER  
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Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29, 32, 33, 34, 37, 38, 41, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 56, 77, 79, 82, 87, 88, 131 and 154 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and numbers 10 and 26 at 50 cents per copy.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The late Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, brushed the dust off a cloud with his nigh wing and sat down and let his legs hang over, as he looked down upon the capital of England.

"You are a nice man, William Ewart Gladstone," he murmured to himself, with a cheery yet sardonic smile upon his lips: "I always said you were a nice man. You can write nice books for very old and very quiet gentlemen; nobody can surpass you in your great popular specialty of cutting down trees. And you have raised a large and interesting and highly pious family, William Ewart, and I daresay it is a great treat to the seriously inclined to hear them singing hymns in chorus. Oh, you are a nice man, there is no doubt of it. You are a dear old duck of a man. But when you undertake to govern this realm, William, you are apt to get over your head."

\* \* \*

"In my life-time, William, I always did what I could to spare you the trials and perplexities of official life. I think that you yourself will be willing to credit me with a great deal of sincere and earnest effort in that direction. I felt that the life of a Prime Minister was too much of a strain upon you, and was always ready to sacrifice myself and take the burden upon my own shoulders. I do not believe you were ever really grateful for that considerate kindness while I was with you in the flesh. But you probably appreciate me better by this time. To-day, I flatter myself, you would be very glad to have me alive and active. You know well that if I were with you you would not long be permitted to remain in your present pickle. I should gently and blandly but firmly and decisively oust you, and slip the reins of government between my own skilled and ready fingers."

\* \* \*

"For you are in a pickle, William. It seems slightly irreverent to say that the author of "Juventus Mundi" is in a pickle; but that is what you are in—a plain, common, vulgar pickle."

## RANDALL'S REVIVAL IN THE SOUTH.



PARTY IN BOX.—"The rascals would not let my play run, and now, by Jove, they've STOLEN MY THUNDER!"

Why, just look at it! What a muss you have made in this colonial business, all through. Here you have to chip in, as the Americans say, with all the rest of the nations, just to manage a miserable little African affair, of which I would have taken the whole charge without troubling myself. And you are going to lose your grip on the Panama Canal protectorate, William, you know you are. And Bismarck—ah, there's a man for you!—Bismarck is grabbing what you should have grabbed. And how are you making out in the Soudan, my dear old friend? Wince not at the word—'tis a pleasant country for one who likes to combine retirement with vivacious vicissitude.

\* \* \*

"And you aren't covering yourself with silver-gilt glory at home, my dear. Perhaps you think you can manage those Irish better than I could? Perhaps, though, you don't. And you've won the everlasting love of the radicals, eh, haven't you, William? And, prithee, sweet friend, answer frankly, if thou canst, did I ever have any dynamite in mine? Nay, nay, William, I would not scoff, but as a statesman thou art not a distinguished success. Go teach the orphan boy to read—go teach the orphan girl to sew—or else advertise for light employment, not of a political nature, for an elderly gentleman about retiring from active business."

And the late B. Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, felt up his sleeve to see if the cards were there, and went off to play euchre with the Spirit of Macchiavelli.

\* \* \*

We have hinted once or twice before that, in our opinion, the people of these United States have not yet "sized up" Grover Cleveland. Ever since the campaign began, they have been willing to take him pretty nearly at his enemies' appraisement. As a natural result, they have had, from time to time, to let out a reef or two in their estimation of his character. Many people began by thinking the candidate of the Independent Republicans a gross, stolid, commonplace, well-meaning man. They have had to revise this judgement bit by

bit, as the man grew upon them. Little by little they have begun to get a fairer view of his character. They have taken it in by glimpses, and we do not think they have yet seen the half of what there is to see.

Now that the first rancor of defeat is somewhat dulled, even his political opponents can see that what for five months they delighted in calling stolid grossness was really a self-respecting dignity very rare for a man in Mr. Cleveland's exceptionally trying situation. They are almost willing to admit that not from a barren or commonplace mind spring the virtues of sturdy independence and sober silence. They will not deny that they look to the President-elect for a wise, just and temperate administration. And upon the more thoughtful of them is dawning the startling thought that they may some day learn to look up to him as a patriotic statesman.

\* \* \*

The Democrats—the old-time Democrats, at least—have been as blind as the Republicans to their leader's strength. There are several eye-openers waiting for them, of which Mr. Cleveland's late epistle on Civil Service Reform is the first. When they once realize the fact that the man they have made President believes in his party only as a means of serving his country, and does not intend to run the country to serve his party, there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Bourbon camp; but the sound will be music to the ears of those who are waiting for a clean and patriotic government.

What does every brooklet say,  
Purling down its pebbled way?

What does every windlet moan  
Through the branches sad and lone?

What does every snow-bird trill  
On the sunny window-sill?

Why, the brook, the wind and bird,  
When they're by us mortals heard,

Say: "Oh, very soon you shall  
See PUCK's longed-for ANNUAL."

## REMARKS BY ME.

So, Adolphus Anaximander, you want to marry and go to house-keeping in a flat?

Do, eh?

Do?

Do you, though?

Come, now, pull your chair around this side of the table, drink up your coffee before it gets as frosty as the first night of a new English comedy, and talk the thing over with your uncle.

\* \* \*

Now let's see.

In the first place, you are going to marry. A very good scheme, my boy; nothing could be better. And you are going to marry the dearest girl in the world, are n't you? Of course. And she is going to share your humble salary and have her sacques last two Winters, and keep her heart throbbing responsive to that sturdy manly heart of yours while she has a dress-maker battening on you at three dollars a day, to turn two breadths in a \$2.75 skirt? That's the programme, is n't it?

You see, I am familiar with it. Many years ago, Adolphus Anaximander, when you were playing "fatsy" and "taw," I too was playing. I was playing the fool. You were not old enough then to join in that merry sport; but now that you have reached years of discretion you seem quite able to take a hand in the pastime which charmed me then.

My beloved wife, Adolphus, who has just left us, and who is now entertaining your betrothed and her mother in the drawing-room, was my partner in that lightsome recreation. She is a shade plumper now; there is a gray hair or two just back of her temples, and she is a great deal wiser, which is very fortunate for me.

But in those happy years long since dead, she was very much such a rose-bud as the girl up there in the drawing-room, who is probably confiding in her at this moment, much as you have been confiding in me.

Which, by the way, the fact that you are in the rosy depths of love's young dream does not explain why the liqueur keeps so persistently over on your side of the table.

\* \* \*

Well, Adolphus, we laid out just that programme, and we carried it out, flat and all, and I will tell you privately that if our lease had been for two years instead of one, I should have established a constructive residence in Chicago before a second May's rent came due.

\* \* \*

It's the Janitor, in the first place. Before a woman goes into a flat, she proceeds to her father-confessor and registers a solemn vow to hate the Janitor.

It doesn't matter what kind of Janitor he is. She would hate him if he were an angel fresh and moist from the damp clouds of heaven. Though he never is. You can't hire angels, even second-class, cheap, celluloid angels, to work in flat-buildings and be bossed around by seven or eight stories of women.

As a matter of fact, Adolphus, the Janitor of a flat-building is just about as mean a specimen as ever disgraced the outward bearing of humanity. Dirt would fall off him and go and clean itself from the degrading contact. That much I will frankly admit. That is the only style of man that can be hired for the work. You can get a good Janitor for a bachelor columbarium or a strictly male studio-building; but the real he-man will never consent to be the slave of heaped-up femininity in a case of apartment shelves built around an elevator shaft.

But his merits or demerits have nothing to

do with the hatred which the Janitor excites in the breast of the female flattist. She hates him simply because he is the Janitor. She does not understand his anomalous position of servitude, and though she descends to confidences with him as against Mrs. Smith, whose children are running a private pandemonium on the floor above, yet in his capacity as Janitor, in his relations to his own flat, she has sworn an eternal feud with him.

\* \* \*

In the second place, and in all the other places, it's the Janitor.

The servants, of course, won't stay. And while they do stay, they are insolent and given to immoderate indulgence in cousins. I never could exactly trace the connection; but I know—at least, I have gathered, from sundry remarks my wife has let fall, that this is the Janitor's fault.

Then the range won't draw. Don't ask me to explain it, Adolphus; but my wife has frequently told me that it never would have happened if we had a decent Janitor.

The roof leaks, and so does the plumbing, all except the faucets, which won't let the water through. Janitor again. Don't ask me why.

Weather-strips are needed at every window. I don't know what subtle association there is between the lack of weather-strips and the innate wickedness of a Janitor, but it seems there is.

And then the landlord raises the rent after the first year. You do not quite understand what that has to do with the Janitor. Neither did I, Adolphus, at first. You will, though, after a few months of wedded life in a flat.

\* \* \*

Take your young wife to a \$300-a-year manorial hall in Jersey; go and board with her in a Winter-locked mudscow, but don't, Adolphus, my infant, try to begin house-keeping in a flat, when you have a patent asbestos Janitor who goes by means of a clockwork interior.

ME.

## A SURE SCHEME.



"So your canary-bird will not sing, Jennie? Well, I can tell you how to make him. Darken the room, undress yourself, set the clock at 4 A. M., and go to bed. In less than ten minutes, if you take care to put the clock where the canary can see it, your bird will be singing madly."

## Puckerings.



FTER the russet Autumn  
Into the past doth go,  
And the icy winds of Winter  
Over the hill-top blow,  
With a vague unrest  
I start in quest  
Of a sidewalk covered  
with snow.

And I say, "For a half a  
dollar  
This snow I'll soon dis-  
place;  
I'll send it swiftly flying  
Across the chill-blue  
space."

With a clippety clup  
I hoe it up  
O'er my shoulders and in my face.

This is the kind of farming  
That best my fancy suits;  
I'm as blithe in my carpet slippers  
As in a pair of boots,  
And I hoe away  
In a manner gay,  
For I can't cut any roots.

I'm ever wildly dancing,  
E'en when my cash is low,  
Because I have got sufficient,  
That's all that I care to know.  
In the Summer I rake  
The potato-cake,  
In the Winter the drifted snow.

## OLD SCRATCH—The Tom-Cat.

NEVER COUNT your coupons before they are due.

## A DOMESTIC BROIL—The Kerosene-Cooked Cook.

AN OLD maid may toss her head and laugh at the idea of marriage, but in that very laugh she goes "He, he, he."

AN EXCHANGE says: "Vanderbilt doesn't drink coffee even when making New Year's calls." We shouldn't drink coffee, either, if we were worth twelve million dollars a year.

JOHN SWINTON says: "The saddest sound heard in New York is the hammering of the tough beef-steak set on the boarding-house tables." Mr. Swinton is mistaken. The saddest sound is when there is no meat to pound, as the late Mrs. Partington would remark.

ONE OF the best lions in the London Zoological Gardens began eating her tail, then followed her fore-paws, and afterward she devoured her hind-paws. Her voracity could not otherwise be appeased, and she died at the end of the third day. The doctors seem to be in doubt regarding her disease; but, although we have had very little experience in lions, we should have no hesitancy in pronouncing it consumption.

TWO BRIGHT CITIZENS of Covington, Tenn., who were impecunious but thrifty, bet \$200,000 on the last election, and deposited two large bundles in the safe of the local bank to pay the wager. On the strength of this, they bought large stocks of goods, one of them married a wealthy widow, and the other was elected treasurer of a rolling-mill. After the election it was found that the bundles were composed of writing-paper, with fifty-dollar notes on the outside only.

## YEARN NOT FOR GREAT RICHES.

My dear young man, have you ever wished with all the power of your wishing apparatus to be a cold and haughty millionaire? Have you in the Winter of your discontent, when your overcoat was at your uncle's place of business, had the thought come into your mind that you could not be truly happy until you could roll in wealth? If so, you have erred.

If you have acquired a consuming thirst for great riches—if you have permitted the desire to become a flinty-hearted money-king to fasten itself upon your mobile mind, my dear young friend, let me beg of you to shake it off before it is everlasting too late for you to reform. The thirst to be a millionaire of cold, haughty mien is the thing that is sapping the foundations of the social and moral structure of this great Republic, and bringing woe, dyspepsia, nightmare, and sometimes solitary confinement at hard labor for ten or fifteen years upon an otherwise well-behaved and fairly good people.

With all my heart I pity the man who gets up in the morning at half-past nine o'clock, turns the collar he wore the day before, and says to himself in a low but impressive tone of voice:

"I shall start out to-day with the resolute purpose of becoming a millionaire this year."

He is likely to miss the connection and not get in on time. A large majority of the chances are that he will reap a heavy crop of disappointment, and that the first breezes from Greenland's icy mountains will find him with his usual stock of poverty on hand and his overcoat still in the care of his uncle.

Only a very small proportion of our great population can be millionaires, my dear young man, and very few of those who are now able to draw their check for a million, and go to the bank and get it cashed, started out in life with the deliberate purpose of getting into that habit. Of the young men who set out with premeditation and aforethought during the past year to become millionaires before Christmas, few have got there yet. Some of them are in jail, some are in Canada, and most all of them are in trouble.

It is a great mistake for men to want to be millionaires, and it is a still greater mistake for them to believe that millionaires know nothing but joy on the half-shell. On the contrary, millionaires have constantly on hand more annoyances and yard-wide gloom, and the canker of one thing or another gnaws at their vitals more in a week, than a moderately poor man knows anything about in a month of Sundays.

Ask any millionaire you know if this isn't true, and he will tell you that it is a cold, hard, cast-iron fact. But do not ask him to give you his millions and be a poor man himself, and have all your happiness, and roll for awhile amid the blessings of all your poverty; for he will decline. Perhaps he will disrespectfully decline.

He will probably tell you that the habit of being an unhappy millionaire has grown upon him to such an extent that he can't well shake it off at his time of life, and that though his woe, and disappointment, and dyspepsia, and fear of burglars and bank-busters are hard to bear, he feels he will have to stick it out and grin and bear it to the end. It is always thus with bad habits: once they get thoroughly fixed upon a person—burned into his system, as it were, it is hard for him to throw them off like a worn-out garment or an out-of-style set of political principles.

It is hard, indeed, for a man who has been a millionaire for any length of time to step down from his high place and be a plain, common person with only one pair of trousers and a bank-account that has a way of keeping just about balanced from the morning of the first of January till the evening of the thirty-first of December in each and every year.

It is hardly necessary for me to tell my friends through the medium of these widely-read columns that I am not a millionaire. If any of my friends have been erroneously impressed with the belief that I am, I will now break the news to them gently, and frankly admit that I am not. Nay, more: I think I am happier, and have a more frolicsome liver, take me one day with another, than any millionaire I am intimately acquainted with.

Wealth has its advantages, my dear young man, but I have never thirsted for more of it than I could write with six figures. I do not, in my daily walks, suffer that restraint I would naturally feel if I were a millionaire of proud, haughty mien. I can go down to the grocery-store, when I want a codfish, and have it wrapped in a piece of brown paper, and carry it home by the tail without the least regard for the remarks of a cold and captious world. But if I were a millionaire I could not do that without feeling the keen edge of public criticism. I should be ashamed to carry that codfish openly before the gaze of the public, and when I would meet the public, or even a small part of it, I should hide the codfish under my coat.

Again, I would not trade my appetite for that of any millionaire in the world and take odds. For what mattereth it if a man have canvas-back duck, and diamond-back terrapin, and Winter strawberries at five dollars a smell, if his appetite has been abused until it is as sad and tired as a last year's dish-rag on the garden fence?

I have a fine appetite that has time and again proved its ability to keep well in any climate, and I always know just where to find it when I want it. When I sit down where there is anything to eat, it is the custom of my appetite to be right there with me. I never, in all my long and varied career, had to go out when I wanted it and hunt it up, or look under the table for it.

I saw the other day, in the window of a picture-store, a fine engraving of a collection of American millionaires, and I looked at it with more than passing interest until I had satisfied myself that my own portrait was not in the collection. I feared, on the impulse of the moment, that it might have got there by mistake, and that is why I glanced hurriedly from face to face with a considerable degree of nervousness. It was a great relief to me to find that I had very properly been counted out of the honored assembly of wealth-stricken and sad-eyed citizens, for otherwise I should have felt with considerable pain that my portrait was practically out of place.

With my modest and shrinking disposition, it would fill me with unpleasant surprise and no little annoyance to come suddenly upon an engraving of a collection of haughty-looking millionaires, and see my pensive and reposeful face and Queen Anne bald head in the procession. Ordinarily I am a quiet, peaceable man, hating contention with my fellow-man, especially when my fellow-man is bigger than I am; but I would borrow a shot-gun and go in search of the engraver who would thus traduce me.

This article is intended merely to convince the thoughtless young man who mayhap may be thinking of sallying forth at the beginning of the new year to reap great wealth with considerable soonness, that contentment does not always abide in the brown-stone palace with a cast-iron dog on the front porch, nor the canker of discontent gnaw at the vitals of the occupants of the modest, vine-clad cottage with a cupboard full of home-made pumpkin-pies.

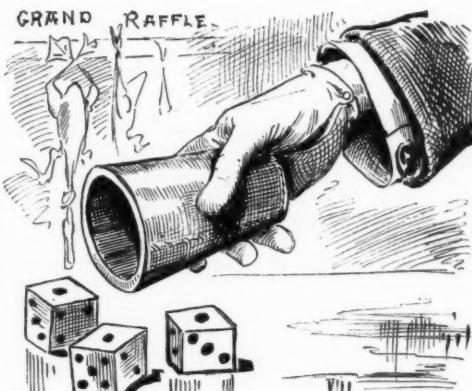
SCOTT WAY.

## THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—No. XXI.



"In the bleak Midwinter, Frosty winds make moan," Likewise does the fellow Sitting on the stone. Rip go Winter garments, While their wearers rave—Bless us, this is pleasant, Slipping on the pave!

## THE FATAL GOOSE-RAFFLE.



You throw the highest and take the prize.



Congratulations pour in from all directions—at your expense.



Hard luck awaits you at your home.



The warm welcome which you usually receive at the hands of your mother-in-law.



Your goose is cooked, but not palatable.



And then you swear upon the Revised Version that you will never take a hand in a raffle again.

## HIS PROTEST.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Please ask the President-elect to give his personal attention to the "Protests of the People," (of whom I have the honor to be one,) of a few of which I inclose drafts (also protested).

I protest against the practice of "running in" of French and Latin words and phrases through novels. We read and translate all languages with luxurious ease, but it wearis us to pick up the latest cloth-bound romance and see the opening chapter begin with:

Eulalie giggled a French giggle as she drew back the crimson *debonnaire portières* of her *abattoir*, etc.

Or:

Alonzo threw open the *recherché écritoire*, and anxiously failed to discover the *blast* dingbats.

I also desire to protest against the publication of Patent-Medicine Serials, those deceitful literary efforts. For instance:

The soft redundant shimmering entered the richly-furnished apartment through the costly stained-glass bay-window, and fell in a scintillating sheen of joyful beauty upon the exquisitely cut features of Juanita, applying "Baff's Rough on Corn," to her delicately-tinted pink bunnions.

Or:

Softly and silently the white mantle descended and wrapped its peaceful folds about the sleeping castle. In one extreme portion of the stronghold evidence of wakefulness was strangely apparent. Sounds as of one in peculiar distress emerged into the outer air, and, though care and attention such as became the position of one so lordly were not withheld, it might be seen in the teary-spattered faces of the lords and ladies that the Earl must die—unless they could get before morning nine more bottles of "Gillwood's Bronchitis Extractor."

For Sale Everywhere, Sample Bottle Free.

Laws should also be enacted restraining editors from declining the Effusions of Poesy sent them for publication by the sweet maidens of our land. Many a budding poetess has been suddenly and ruthlessly cast into perma-

nent oblivion, after days and nights of watchful anxiety, by finding such replies as these in the "Answers for the Anxious" columns:

LULU B.—Give us a rest. Try your hand at frying gravy.

HEART FOAM.—You make us tired. Cut the growler. Your poem about "Bitter Dregs" may do very well in Milwaukee, but we don't drink that sort of beer out here.

These abrupt replies, Mr. Editor, have a tendency to check intellectual progress, and should be restricted. Hoping your moral influence with the incoming President will prove as effective in this matter as it was in the campaign, I cheerfully submit to you the task of accomplishing the desired end. Willfully yours,

J. A. SKYWALLOW.

## THE MILKMAN.

When after weary vigils I,  
Perchance, do close my eyes in sleep,  
As early dawn begins to peep  
From out the casement of the sky;

And dreams, mayhap, of tender love  
Come floating softly through my brain,  
And soothe, like balm, my every pain,  
And rap me up in realms above—

Then round he comes, with clattering din,  
And horrid, wild, unearthly yell,  
That on the silent air doth swell  
Till Death itself would start and grin!

O relic of a barbarous age!  
O fiend left to roam at large!  
In vain on thee I might discharge  
Whole tomes of fierce poetic rage.

But were I e'en a judge, and thou  
Before me wer for sentence brought,  
I swear, without a second thought,  
I'd have thee—well, no matter, now.

ADOLPHUS SILKWORM.

[N. B.—It wouldn't be so bad, after all, if it really meant *milk*.—A. S.]

## FRAGMENTS.

## [FROM A FRACTURED BRAIN.]

—Liars are the greatest sticklers for truth—in others.

—There should be no limit to the size of a key-hole after midnight.

—It is impossible to make up with hat-rim what you lack in brains.

—Too many young men of the day need guardians and not wives.

—No man of honor will steal a kiss from a girl when he can just as well give her one.

—It is, indeed, laughable to see a pumpkin-pie pass itself off in society for a cream-puff.

—No matter how full the ear, it is human nature to want a few more grains on the cob.

—It is apparently useless to tell the truth, when you know you won't be believed, anyhow.

—The hiss of a goose and the words of a fool never pass for more than their par or face value.

—It is difficult to know where to look for dignity when one sees a Senator run a block to hear a circus-band.

—It always makes one feel painfully honest when another picks up a fat pocket-book a few steps ahead of you.

WILLILL.

YOU WILL find, my boy, before you get much older, that of all quicksands the quickest is that which runs without a break through Time's glass. And what is Time's glass? Why, beer, of course. And what is beer? Well, your innocence is beautiful. Why, beer is glucose, of course. Perhaps you would like to know what glucose is? We cannot tell you that; you must apply to some manufacturer of fancy groceries.

## A BRAVE MAN.

AND HOW HE WORKED A GREAT AND GLORIOUS SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

Alexander was one day remonstrating with his cook for having cut the pie in only six pieces for a swell dinner with seven guests, when she replied that "if he was such a stickler for mathematics and style, he had better get Aristotle to carve, or else have pie enough to go round."

The reader will pardon the pedantry of this allusion, but it is informed with a still vigorous moral:

How much better it would have been for Alexander, if, instead of following his successful star into foreign countries, he had chased it into the kitchen and depopulated the cook!

How much better it would be for the world now if, instead of trying to harness stubborn electricity to its car, it should harness the stubborn domestic and drive her gaily down the plank-road of life on a dead run!

Why do not young ladies in their seminaries learn the art of managing servants? Why does not some millionaire take the tarnish off his patent-medicine money by founding a special training-school? The first thing for a school to teach is the art of selecting good servants. If there should ever be any good servants to select, this knowledge might be of immense importance. Some plausible theory should be inculcated for keeping policemen out of the kitchen, for preventing the exportation of provisions, for defeating schemes looking toward six nights out in the week and five matinées.

By keeping the cook locked up for a week, a somewhat wily lady of Berlin Heights, Ohio, once secured the first wear of a ball-dress.

I have invented a treatment for servants detected in collar, lace and handkerchief-stealing. According to the present practice, the mistress says, blandly:

"Ah, by-the-way, Mary, have you happened to see my fichu anywhere, lately?"

The servant, who has invariably stolen it, yells back: "Fits you? Noa, I ain't seen yer fits you. Do you think I shtole it?"

At this point the mistress is always taken with a fright, and answers: "No, indeed." According to my theory, she should reply: "Certainly I do."

It is my pleasing belief that the novelty of the reply would cause the thief to fall with a dull thud.

Some idle visionaries claim that servants have certain duties to perform. They advance the proposition that if servants did the work they are paid for doing, it would tend to compensate in some measure for the pleasure of their company.

In reality, there is but one thing that the housewife can learn practically. Fortunately, this, if learned well, will do much toward eradicating the somewhat showy faults of the untamed hand-maid. I refer to the art of turning a servant off.

Most mistresses, after submitting to months of tyranny, doing their own work, losing their property, and regulating their lives in modest accordance with the servant's wishes and the wishes of the servant's family—after all this, they fly in a rage over some little intolerable insult and tell the servant to leave.

This is a great mistake, for the servant does n't leave. The average servant is acquainted with just these expressions: "Do you think I shtole it?" "I'll see a lahyer," and "Then I'll have me munce warnin'." When the last expression is hurled forth, the poor mistress surrenders. She makes some weak answer about "not letting her hear of such things again," and flies away. How can this result be avoided? By teaching ladies the correct mode of circumventing the warning fiend and projecting her into space. The following will be found quite successful:

In the first place, don't delay; now is the best time to dismiss a bad servant. Don't be angry, and don't attack the fury in her own domain. Sit comfortably in the parlor with your husband. When you are gracefully posed, ring for the projectile. She comes up thinking over excuses for not doing whatever you may have the temerity to ask. Your husband looks over his paper and says:

"I believe you were out this afternoon without leave."

The servant has never asked for leave in her life. She makes a show of great stupefaction.

"You had my kitchen full of people last night."

He says *his* kitchen. The servant allows her stupefaction to mingle with indignant surprise.

"The agreement was that you were to have only Saturday afternoons, and that you were to have no people about. Was that the agreement?"

The servant sees the drift of the conversation, throws off her stupefied indignation, and yells:

"No you don't! I'll see a lahyer!"

The husband then clears his throat and delivers the following address:

"Suing or even consulting a lawyer would be expedient. An able, upright and conscientious member of the bar might happily expound to you such lofty rules of conduct that you would not find yourself obliged to leave your next situation in the middle of the busy month and without your stipend. In your profound immersion in the learning of the culinary art, you have very naturally, if not so wholly excusably, neglected the learning which abounds in our common law. And still, the law, while the noblest monument of human understanding, is, at the same time, one of the most entertaining and agreeable of sciences. It teaches us, for instance, that broken contracts are cheap-

est during the first of the month. A broken contract now costs you just seven dollars. You will think, perhaps, that I am a harsh and unfeeling man. If I am, and I do not contradict you, I have my moments of good nature. When I make seven dollars I become quite mild. You may have a policeman in the kitchen during the remainder of your brief stay; he will, if I do not err, kindly help you unpack your trunk. Besides, as this is an extraordinary occasion of good feeling, I shall allow you the delightful variety of going out with my full permission; we, on our side, shall have the delightful variety of knowing that you will not come back. What a thing is joy! Small, perhaps, at first, but attaining its full and happy growth under the quickening sunlight of kindness and seven dollars. I think, however, I have alluded to the seven dollars before. If I have, you, who know so well how to forgive your own shortcomings, will know how to deal leniently with me when you find yourself short seven dollars. It only remains to say the last sad words of parting. Keeping back my grief as best I may—and the seven dollars—I say, then: the door is open, the shadowy future is before you, Flannel-Mouth, adieu."

WILLISTON FISH.

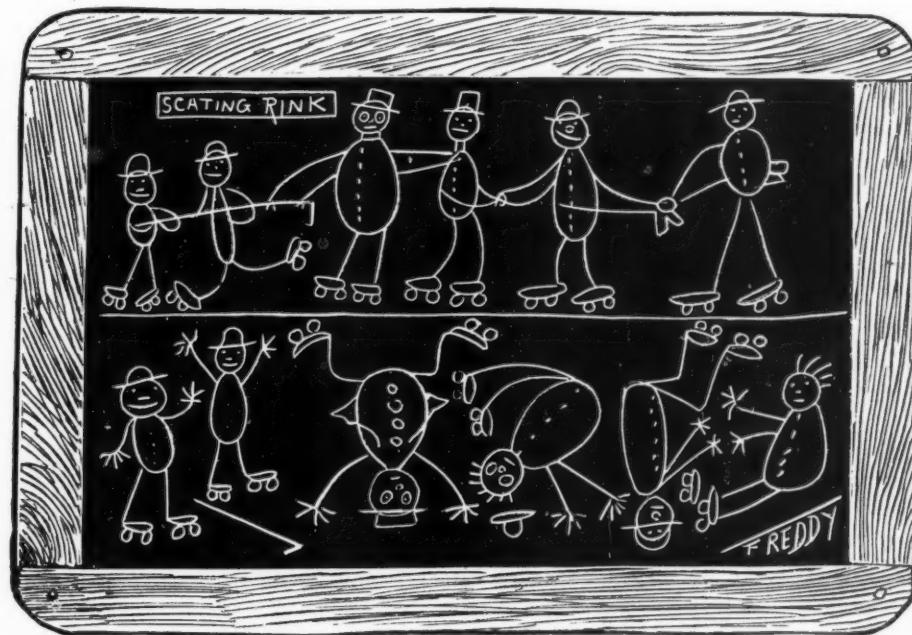
NEVER PUT a gift cigar in the mouth.

## PROTECTION AND OVER-PRODUCTION.



A POLITICAL PARALLEL FELINELY EXPRESSED.

FREDDY'S SLATE  
AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyorkjannuerreythertean

dear puck

i cend you this weke a car Toon on rolerscating rolerscating is the grate act now orl the boys ar on two it

i an jim jonson we are rite their evrey time  
their is a rinck in ouer block it uceter be A  
staible an you can gess Pritty esy now what it  
uceter be

we are haven bos fun At the rinck evver sinse  
the oled fokes cain thare

my oled man wos reckimed by the doctor  
Two try rolerscating four his helth

if rolerscating is ever gone to doo him enney  
good he Orter be helthy now

he is getten orl he wornts

jim jonson an me We are lookin out fore  
that

my oled man brort jim jonsons dad an my  
sisster gennys borldeded bo an my sisster mareys  
dude Bo an we hav bin techin them howter  
scate

thay aint lernin mutch butt thay ar haven  
lotts of sircus

thay doant no how Two scait for coled benes  
so we stand them in A line an to them a round  
the rinck wile thay try notter wobble

yesterday we tote them a round jes as fasst  
As we coud go an gott them just werlin

thay holered out Two us too go slo but jes  
then jim jonson ses snap The wip an i snapd  
the wip an fersething yo no thay were orl standen  
on thare heds

it lookt like a sircus struc by litenin  
we explanded that it wos thare oan forlt thay  
diddent hang On hard enuf an thay diddint  
say enneythin then butt Wen i got hoam my

dad maid my flesh crrol  
he maid it crrol with a trunc strapp

youers tendur yett

freddy

p s cen bac my slight clene i haight to maik  
truble in The family

## CURRENT COMMENT.

THE PRESENT reports point to an unusually large crop of ice this Winter. That is the way it always is the Winter before, but it won't make any difference in next Summer's prices. That isn't the principle on which the ice business is conducted.

WHEN THE Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry are married they will live with Queen Victoria. This was very shrewd on the part of the young lady. Henry will not dare to speak of his mother's cooking when her mother is around.

A MICHIGAN NOVELIST has written a book entitled "My Mother-in-Law." He makes her his heroine. The funny thing about it is that the author is a bachelor.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY may not be a strong advocate of gambling; but it can not be denied that it has got a corner in poets.

ACCORDING TO Gounod, all those who do not like music are diseased. This goes to show that all diseases are not misfortunes.

"I'VE FOUND MY QUEEN" is the title of a new song. It must have been written by a man who held two already.

"FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS"—The Snow-Slide.

## Answers for the Authors.

J. E. M.—No, you're all right. We charge nothing for cremating bad poetry.

C. C. R.—Mere respect for age ought to induce you to share such venerable jests as you have sent us before you expose them to the gaze of a callous world.

ROBERT.—We cannot use your merry jest—not as a merry jest. But if you are as hard up as you say, you might sell it to a second-hand undertaker for a pall.

PENCILETTE.—Your art is of the strictly dude variety. It is not calculated for this cold and wintry latitude. Your genius needs a corset and an ulster if it wants to worry through the bitter season that lies before us.

KITTY CLEVE.—No, dear, you don't want to be a poetess. You think you do; but you don't. The holy aureole of domestic love will fit you better than the cold and unsympathetic laurel wreath. And there is no necessity for your striking the sounding lyre when you can rattle the gay congenial griddle just as well, and with more effect upon the heart of the throbbing populace.

## HARD TIMES.

Where'er you may roam you will hear men talking about the hard times, and predicting that we are to have a very bad business year.

But then it is a consoling reflection that the time was never known that moneyed men didn't groan about the financial outlook.

Let a couple of banks break, and the merchant who has been doing a prosperous business begins to wear his face long, and to tell his clerks that he has been a heavy loser, as a prelude to tearing down their salaries.

Therefore, it is not well to listen to the song of the bond-holder, because business will be brisk, anyway.

The baker will never fail, because people will never stop eating bread.

The barber will never fail, because lonesome people want to be talked to and cheered up.

The bank will never fail, because the washerwoman must have a place to deposit her savings.

We might go on and make a list of facts to prove that business must keep up; but we will not do it. We will simply point out a few signs which go to prove that the times are not flush.

The times may be adjudged hard—

When Ben Butler economizes his tongue—

When a man shovels the snow off his sidewalk—

When the Niagara hackman pawns his watch to get food and drink—

When a man wears a full beard to save the expense of being shaved—

When Charles Francis Adams matches himself against a refrigerator—

When the aged beau dyes his hair and side-whiskers with stove-blacking—

When a dramatic paper sinks to a circulation of one copy—complimentary—

When the merchant-prince carries his provisions home from the market—

When the itinerant tragedian cannot drink one beer a day—unless treated—

When the President of the United States cannot own fifty pairs of trousers—

When a woman is willing to cover a Summer hat with velvet to last through the Winter—

When the man with a short reach is always to be found closest to the free lunch counter—

When you see a plumber wearing Arctic overshoes to conceal the breaks in a pair of Oxfordies—

When the dude cannot change his scarf eight times a day, and have on a louder one every time—

When a variety actor can't wear a big-checked suit, a high hat, and a hotel-clerk diamond—

When a swell family joins the Episcopal church to save the expense of giving receptions during Lent—

When the poet puts an advertising terminus on a love lyric, and sells it to a tooth-powder establishment—

When a man feels in his vest to satisfy a creditor, and then says in an off-hand way: "I'll just send you a check to-morrow"—

When a man makes his calls in full-dress, saying that he has just been dining, when in reality his other clothes are not fit to be seen in.

## MEN WHO WILL NOT ASK FOR OFFICE.

Hendricks won't—for McDonald,

Burchard won't; but he deserves one.

Steve Elkins won't. It isn't his year.

James G. Blaine won't. He's had enough.

John Kelly won't. He has a better thing.

John R. McLean will; but he won't get it.

Charles A. Dana won't, for obvious reasons.

Tilden won't. He knows when he is through.



PUCK'S POLITICAL HUNTING-GROUND.—HOW HE HAS

C K.



HE HAS MADE GAME OF THE POLITICIANS.

## PUCK.

## A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

An elevated railway train was winding around the curve from Fifty-third Street into Sixth Avenue. The brakeman on the rear car was looking sweetly at the rubicund countenance of a maid washing a fourth-story window. As she faded from his vision he put his head into the rear car and yelled:

"F-f-th S'eeet!"

And the passengers looked at him wearily, and wondered what manner of man he was. Foolish passengers! They ought to have known that he was a man of no manners at all. When the train paused at the Fiftieth Street station a young man boarded the rear car. He was a charming creature in appearance. A silk hat of the latest shape sat above his closely-cropped brown hair, and glistened resplendently in the morning sunlight. His dark eyes reposed soulfully beneath short dark lashes. His face bore the tint of perfect health and the aspect of guileless innocence. His standing-collar stood up courageously beneath his rather square jaws, and a polka-dotted scarf, adorned with a diamond pin, concealed his three-dollar collar-button. His overcoat was of the tender hue of canned salmon. His close-fitting sack-coat was of the most diagonal nature, and his trousers fitted him like the powder on a belle's face. His shoes were exceedingly pointed, and his cane was very silver-headed. He wore no gloves, for they would have concealed the gorgeousness of his single-barreled diamond ring.

"I say, chappie," he said, addressing the brakeman: "is this the carriage for the Staten Island Ferry, d'ye know?"

"Course it is," said the brakeman.

The gorgeous vision passed into the rear car and sank calmly into a seat.

"Nother one o' them blamed dudes," muttered the brakeman, as he slammed the gate on a little girl who was trying to board the car: "they make me old."

Then he smiled disdainfully on the diminutive maiden and pulled the bell-rope. The next moment he opened the door of the rear car and shouted in:

"Tysec' nek'!"

The dude-like object looked puzzled. Then he arose, went to the door, and addressed the brakeman.

"I say, chappie," said he: "what's the name of the next station, d'ye know?"

"Of course I know," replied the brakeman.

"Well, then, cawn't you tell me?"

"Yes, I can."

"Well, do, deah boy."

"Don't call me 'deah boy.'"

"I shawn't, if you don't laike it."

"That's right."

Then, putting his head over the dude's shoulder, he yelled:

"Tysec'!"

And then he slammed the door, leaving the dude a statue of astonishment.

"These here dudes," the official murmured: "make me wish I was a sharpshooter. That snoozer thinks he's a talkin' like an Englishman. He's a healthy Englishman, he is! Born up in Mackerelville, I guess."

Then, as the train started away from Forty-second Street, he put his head inside the car once more and screamed:

"Hur-r-rd next!"

The dude was visibly anxious. He arose from his seat, buttoned up his overcoat, and then sat down again. Then he arose again and went to the door.

"I say, deah boy—I beg your pahdon, old chappie," said he to the brakeman: "is the next stop the South Ferry?"

"Naw!" exclaimed the blue-coated monarch, in a tone of disgust: "you got three miles ter ride yet. Go sit down and fan yourself."

"But I'm not wahm, don't ye know?"

"Then give your lungs a rest."

"They're not tiahed."

The brakeman could say no more, so he again slammed the door. The dude looked perplexed. After a moment's thought he opened the door, and, in a gentle voice, said:

"I say—"

"Yes, you do," said the brakeman: "you do say—you say too much."

"But shall I know when we get to the ferry, don't ye think?"

"Yes, if you know water when you see it!" shouted the brakeman.

The beautifully-arrayed creature went back to his seat and sank into silence. He did not attempt to ask the brakeman another question till they reached Battery Place, when the official opened the door and shouted something that sounded like "Fat face."

"Is this my stop, deah boy?" inquired the dude, once more going to the door.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the brakeman: "have you broke loose again? This place is good enough for you. Get off quick, before I get mad and throw you off!"

"Oh, you wouldn't do that, d'ye think?" queried the dude, in an exasperatingly cool manner.

"Wouldn't I?" yelled the brakeman.

And he seized the dude by the collar and hauled him out on the platform of the station with alarming rapidity. The next instant a resounding thwack was heard, and the brakeman's heels went up into the air and his head descended suddenly to the platform. He sprang up and rushed at the dude, who stood coolly looking at him. As the brakeman closed in upon him, the dude straightened his left arm, and the brakeman again hunted for knot-holes in the floor. Then he sat up and looked at the dude.

"Who are you, anyhow?" he moaned.

"I'm Gawge Mountjoice, don't ye know, the English pugilist."

"Oh," remarked the brakeman: "I didn't know it was you."

## FREE LUNCH.

A MODERN NEWSPAPER fable states that a bear once fell in love with a setting hen. This proves conclusively that the bear never lived at a fashionable boarding-house.

"IN 1770 pies were made of flaky dough and sweet apples; now they are made of sole-leather and sawdust. And yet this is a world of progress." Yes, but recollect how many dyspepsia cures we have nowadays. We don't need as good pie as they used to make.

A CHICAGO PAPER says: "Our Sunday-schools should be kept filled." If the Chicagoans really desire this, they should take steps toward prohibiting cock-fights, slugging-matches and baseball games on Sunday. Whenever a Chicago boy does not appear in Sunday-school, it is safe to say that he is kept away by a superior attraction.

HOW DOETH the busy little ruralite get out after breakfast, in the chill wind, and shovel all the sparkling snow off his walk, which is one hundred and fifty feet long. And, oh, how the sharp wind splits the skin on his nose, and lays it back against his eyes, and makes his face as red as a poppy. And, oh, how he likes it, and feels good in the belief that he is improving his health and increasing his appetite, when his fingers are so cold that he can scarcely hold the shovel. And how well satisfied he is with himself and every one else when the work is done, and he stands in front of the fire rubbing his hands cheerily. And, oh, how much better he feels as he goes on his way to business, and notices that he has not cleaned off a sixteenth of an inch of his neighbor's sidewalk. And, oh, how mad he feels at night, when he returns from business, to find that the wind has blown his neighbor's snow, as well as a lot of snow out of the road and the adjoining fields, right back on his walk, until it stands before him three feet deep and frozen solid.

## THE NEEDED THING IN RESTAURANTS, JUST NOW.



MIRRORS OVER THE TABLES, SO THAT CUSTOMERS CAN WATCH THEIR OVERCOATS AND UMBRELLAS WHILE EATING.

## THE KILLING OF THE QUAIL.



Just before the close of the quail shooting season in the State of New Jersey, Brother Pete Maguff became eager to go forth and play the sportsman. Accordingly he visited Brother Shinbones Smith, and broached the subject to him.

"De quail-shootin' down in Monmouf County am jess great," said Peter: "I knows a niggah wot lib's down ter Freehold, an' he says dat all yo' got ter do is ter go out inter de fields an' fiah yore gun, an' yo' hit sumfin', shuah."

"Dat mus' be a putty good place fur shootin'," mused Shinbones: "How we goin' ter git dar?"

"I kin fix dat," said Pete: "I got a frien' wot am de conductah onter a freight-train, an' he'll let us ride dar fur nuffin'. I got a bally gun. It am a one-bar'l'd gun, an' de bar'l am 'bout fouah feet long."

"I'se got a ole musket," said Shinbones.

"Dat's de berry t'ing. Wot we want am a dawg."

"Den I reckon we'se got ter invite Brudder Squeezeout Peabody. He's got a dawg."

"Wot kind am it?"

"It am a sitter."

"Dat's jess de kind ob dawg we want. I'll go an' see Brudder Squeezeout, an' let yo' heah wot he says."

Peter departed on his errand, and in due time returned to inform Shinbones that Brother Squeezeout Peabody would contribute the services of himself, his "sitter," and a double-barreled gun, provided they would also invite Brother Wakeup Misery, who owned a horse-pistol. So the expedition was organized, and in the silence of midnight the four hunters and their dog set off for Jersey City to board the freight-train. In the course of time they arrived at Freehold. Just as the dawn was glimmering in the eastern sky they started out into the fields in the direction of Farmingdale.

The "sitter"—a lean and scrawny animal which might once have been white and orange—was bounding along ahead of the party, and quartering his ground in a manner that filled Squeezeout with pride and the rest of the party with admiration. Presently the dog slackened his gait and paused for a moment, with his nose in the air. Then he began to walk forward cautiously, with his head down and his tail straight out behind him.

"Keep quiet, ebberybody," whispered Shinbones: "de sitter am got wind o' quail, shuah. Spread out an' surround him."

Squeezeout looked angry, but it was no time for disputes. The four sportsmen separated and began to close in on the dog, Wakeup Misery handling his horse-pistol in a very threatening manner. Gradually they neared the dog. They were within ten yards of him, and he stood like a statue. The hearts of the sportsmen were beating wildly.

The four men moved closer. Nothing flew. The suspense could be endured no longer. They rushed forward eagerly, and Wakeup, being foremost, fell over the dog and sprawled upon the ground, while the other three men banged away in various directions.

"Stiddy! stiddy!" said Squeezeout, addressing the astonished dog: "seek de dead bird."

The dog calmly walked back to the spot from which Wakeup had kicked him, and stood there.

"Wot de debble he mean?" inquired Shinbones.

"Hi, yah!" exclaimed Peter, stooping down: "hyar's de kind o' bird he war p'intin' at."

And he picked up a good-sized ham-bone in an advanced stage of decrepitude. There was a moment's silence. Then Squeezeout took the ham-bone from Peter and said:

"Gommen, dis-hyar sitter am a werry knowin' dawg. He'll p'int on any kind o' game from a libe chicken ter a dead ham-bone."

"How much 'll yo' take fur dat dawg?" inquired Shinbones.

"Not less'n sebben dollah," answered Squeezeout, emphatically.

"Gommen," said Shinbones: "we am wastin' time."

And the party moved forward once more. They walked over plowed fields and through tangled coverts, climbed fences and waded brooks, and their limbs began to grow weary. At length the hour of noon approached, and they began to feel that it was nearly time to begin operations on the sandwiches that Shinbones carried. They were near a farm-house, and Peter suggested that they might be able to borrow a little milk from one of the cows if no one was looking. This proposition met with instant approval from the other three, and they were beginning to move forward cautiously toward the stable-yard when the dog again showed symptoms of having scented game.

"Now; den, gemmen," said Shinbones, at once taking the lead, in spite of the unpleasant looks of Squeezeout: "now we'se goin' ter git a good shot."

"Purwidin'," remarked Peter: "dat de sitter hain't smelt anudder ham-bone."

"See hyar, niggah," said Squeezeout: "don't yo' cast no aspirations on dat ar dawg."

"Who's a-a-castin' anyt'ing on yore durned ole dawg?" exclaimed Peter, bristling up.

It looked as if there was going to be trouble. But Shinbones poured oil upon the troubled waters.

"Breddern," he said: "stop yore quahlin'. De odah ob de on-spectin' quail am perwailin' upon de noonday-breeze. Come off, an' preapahfur ter shoot."

The hostilities were forgotten as the ardor of the sportsmen once more arose. They moved forward cautiously. But the dog was moving more cautiously. He circled about, and his hair bristled, and his teeth were occasionally visible. The sportsmen began to tremble with excitement. It must be something bigger than a quail. Suddenly the "sitter" dashed forward. There was a yell and a squeal. The dust flew and likewise the hair. The sportsmen were appalled. The next moment a man leaped over the fence from the stable-yard and laid a pitchfork over the dog's shoulders. The dog squealed and ran to Squeezeout for protection.

"Wot yo' a-doin' ter dat sitter?" shouted Squeezeout.

"What'n thunder er you fellers doin'?" exclaimed the irate farmer: "What d'ye mean by lettin' yer blamed dog tackle my cat?"

"Cat!" exclaimed the four sportsmen.

"Cat!" replied the farmer.

"Sho!" exclaimed the sportsmen.

"Git!" ejaculated the farmer.

And they got. And when they had reached a quiet spot in a sunny dell, they sat down and ate their luncheon in silence. As the food decreased, their spirits arose again, and they once more moved forward. All afternoon they tramped over the fields; but to no purpose. Finally they turned their steps toward the town once more. And as they were making their way slowly across a field of heavy stubble, the dog again made signs of scenting game.

"I wondah wot he smells dis hyar time?" queried Wakeup.

"A blizzard, mos' likely," said Pete.

Squeezeout was bristling up again; but Shinbones stopped him.

"Don't quahl," he said: "mebbe we got de giniwine ahrticle dis time."

So they crept forward and spread out so as to close in on the dog. Gradually they neared the animal, and their hearts once more beat wildly. Suddenly there was a whirr, and something shot into the air.

It was a quail!

Simultaneously the four weapons went off with a tremendous bang, and the four sportsmen went over backward as if they had been struck by pile-drivers.

The air was filled with feathers, and a torn and shattered carcass fell to the earth with a sharp, invigorating thud.

As the four sportsmen arose to their feet, sadly bewildered, they beheld the "sitter" calmly swallowing the last remnants of what was once a quail. At the same time a man came running across the fields.

"Did you kill that quail?" he shouted.

"Wal, I should expiate!" said Shinbones.

"That's smart," said the man: "you've killed the only quail in Monmouth County!"

The four sportsmen looked at each other a moment, and all said something which sounded like "ham," but wasn't, and then started for home, sadder and sorier men.

W. J. HENDERSON.

## JERSEY JOYS.

"I have heard of quicksands at the seaside," said a weary Jerseyman, as he plodded across the road out of breath, and leaned against the railroad-station, half exhausted: "but when you come to the ethics of sinking, Jersey takes the mud-cake."

"You would not look for a quicksand here in the mountains, would you?" inquired a patriotic land-owner.

"No, I should not; if you had a thousand quicksands on these mountains, I should never take the trouble to look for them. These quicksands are good enough for me. I should think racing on Jersey quicksands on snow-shoes would take the place of skating."

Then the man pulled off the hunting-boots used between his house and the station, and handed them to the baggage-master to keep until his return from the city.

"I never saw anything like these quicksands," said the panting Jerseyman, as he threw his boots down so hard on the platform that it made the grate come down inside: "Why, the other morning a man was making change for a friend, when a ten-dollar bill dropped through his fingers and landed on a quickmud. In an instant it sank from sight like a cannon-ball. I couldn't understand it at all. The mud was apparently hard enough to bear a man."

"Where was this?" inquired a man with a flute-voice, who had been listening attentively.

"Right down there on the corner of Highland and Highrent Avenues."

"I heard about that," continued the gentleman with the flute-voice: "I heard about that myself, it was not the quickmud that did it."

"What was it?"

"Why," replied the man with the flute-voice: "a plumber had just gone in before the ten-dollar bill, and he got it."

"That may be true; but if the ten-dollar bill had gone in first, the plumber would have gone in after it and got it. But I don't consider the plumber the banner-shar."

"Whom do you consider the banner-shark?" inquired the man with the flute-voice.

"Why, the balloonatic builder."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the man who builds on balloon-frames a house that costs four thousand dollars, and looks as though it cost twice that amount. These houses are fastened together with mucilage, and they hold together pretty well in dry weather. The boards have gum on the parts that are to go against the beams, and the carpenters lick them before sticking them on. This saves nails, although it has a depressing effect on the builders' tongues. One builder down the street has just bought a giraffe."

"What for?" said the man with a flute-voice.

"Why, to lick the boards, of course. The giraffe can reach up to the scaffolding and perform that work first-rate; and it isn't necessary to give him beer at fifteen cents a quart that he may keep up his lick."

"What is the matter with a balloon-frame house, anyhow?" inquired the man with the flute-voice, who really owned three or four.

"Nothing, except that sometimes they don't hold together as well as they ought. By the time a house is paid for on the ordinary plan it is worn out. The boards curl up like Autumn leaflets and drop off the beams. Then sometimes they lose their shape and warp. A man comes down in the morning and finds the dining-room drawn into the parlor, and a couple of bay-windows down in the cellar, and the stairs running along the ceiling, and the range on the piano."

"Is that all?" asked the flute-voiced man.

"No, the warping often makes the most curious kinds of cracks. I know a house not far from here that raised a little off its foundation one night, and now the dog comes in between the floor and the wall. Sometimes in the night the sides of your door are warped together, while a gaping crevice greets you near by in its stead. A man comes home at night, throws his hat and coat in the house through one of these cracks, and follows leisurely after. The other night our friend Biles was chasing a burglar. The burglar saw the moon shining through a crack in the side of the house. He passed through it like a shot, and when Biles was halfway through it, the house suddenly put on a reverse warp, and caught him by the shoulders, holding him securely until the next day, when it warped back and released him." R. K. M.

"SEE that young man in the third row?"  
"You mean the young man sucking the head of his cane?"

"Yes, it was because of his sucking the head of his cane that my attention was attracted to him. He doesn't look like a dude at all, yet he is indulging in a dudish habit."

"Not at all; that young man is one of the most sensible fellows going. See that beautiful girl beside him?"

"Certainly."

"Well, she is an heiress and his fiancée. Now he is not such a fool as to go out between the acts and leave her, therefore he carries one of the old-fashioned canes. In short, the cane is hollow, and is carried to the theatre filled with the favorite beverage of the owner. The young man is taking a snifter."

"But I should think that she would tumble."

"No; but he will if he sucks that cane too much."—*Boston Courier*.

THE Secretary of State of New York says that Mr. Arthur will leave the White House a poorer man than when he entered it. As the President's salary is \$50,000 a year, and he has no wife to supply with seal-skin sacques and new bonnets, many persons may be puzzled to know how he spent so much money. But it is clear enough. When a Washington correspondent wrote some time ago that the President had fifty pairs of new trousers laid away for a rainy day, we prepared ourselves for just such a statement as is now made by the Secretary of State of New York.—*Norristown Herald*.

"LEND me your ear a minute," remarked Mrs. Brown to her husband the other evening.

"Will you give it back to me?" he inquired, with mock anxiety.

"Of course I will, you idiot! Do you suppose I want to start a tannery?"

She got the ear.—*New York Graphic*.

MRS. JONES.—"Yes; boys do sometimes turn out to be fast young men."

Mrs. Smith—"That is true; but I don't think my boy will ever be fast."

Mrs. J.—"Indeed?"

Mrs. S.—"No; he's a telegraph messenger-boy."—*Boston Courier*.

THE telegraph tells of a St. Louis boy "who had traveled all over the world three times before he was fifteen years old. He had probably heard some one say that there was a meaner place on earth than St. Louis."—*Boston Post*.

A BROOKLYN girl can whistle so loud that she can stop a horse-car seven blocks off, and wake up the peeler sleeping in the basement on the other side of the square.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

## CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,  
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,  
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,  
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

## ROSS' ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.

Sold by First-class Dealers.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29, 32, 33, 34, 37, 38, 41, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 56, 77, 79, 82, 87, 88, 131 and 154 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and numbers 10 and 26 at 50 cents per copy.

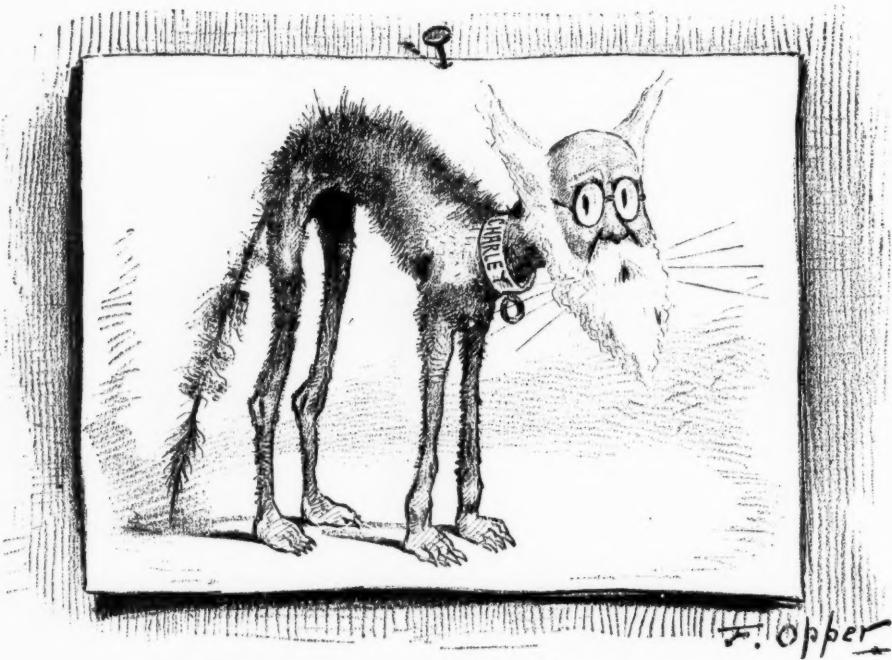
## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

## "THE OFFICE-CAT MUST HAVE EATEN IT."

*The "Sun's" explanation of its failure to publish Cleveland's Civil Service Letter.*



PORTRAIT OF THAT OFFICE-CAT, AS PUCK IMAGINES IT.

# B E W A R E O F F R A U D S !

**BROWN**, being not an unusual name, those desiring the

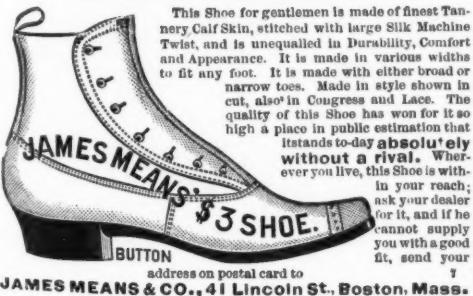
# BROWN'S GENUINE GINGER

Must not only see that the BOTTLE is wrapped in Blue Paper and Flask-Shaped, BUT THAT IT BEARS **THREE TRADE MARK LABELS** in the Colors—Red, White, Black and Blue, and TWO SIGNATURES, and that the Centre of the Steel Engraved Label is occupied by the HEAD OF WASHINGTON.

**FREDERICK BROWN, PHILADELPHIA.**

**CAUTION!** Some dealers recommend inferior goods in order to make a larger profit. This is the original as since. Beware of imitations which acknowledge their own inferiority by attempting to build upon the reputation of the original. You cannot be sure of getting the genuine article unless you are careful to examine and see that this stamp appears plainly on the soles:

## JAMES MEANS' \$3. SHOE.



WHAT was almost a plot for a good ghost-story was enacted in the editorial-room of this paper late last night. One of the staff came in in the dark, and, to his horror, found himself confronted by a strange white shape, motionless, but full of terror in its ghostly phosphorescence. Starting back, he hastily struck a match, and then at once the mystery was solved. It was the clean towel we had given us.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"WHEN were the pyramids of Egypt discovered?" asked the teacher.

"In the middle ages," replied the scholar at the foot of the class.

"What do you mean by the middle ages?" further questioned the pedagogue.

"Why, the pyramid ages, of course."

The boy is at the head now. That is to say, he is earning board and washing in a barbershop.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS  
RECOMMEND



# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.

**SOHMER & CO.**

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

**BAKER'S**

## Breakfast Cocoa.



Warranted *absolutely pure* Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

**W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.**

## CANDY

Address

**C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
**78 Madison St., Chicago.**

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

156 New Scrap Pictures and Tennyson's Poems mailed for 10 cents.

## FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR AND CLOTH OF GOLD CIGARETTES.



Always Fresh, Clean and Sweet.

Our Cigarettes were never so fine as now; they cannot be surpassed for purity and excellence. Only the purest rice paper used.

13 First Prize Medals Awarded.

**Wm. S. Kimball & Co.**

# AN INTERESTING VOLUME. PUCK'S CAMPAIGN SERIES.

Those desiring to obtain the CAMPAIGN SERIES OF PUCC, [from April 16th to November 19th, thirty-two copies, including the famous "Tattooed Man" cartoons.] which covers one of the most notable and interesting political contests that has occurred in years, can procure same at this office, price \$2.50, or any desired copy at 10 cents. "Puck's Campaign Series," handsomely bound in cloth, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.25.

No library or household is complete without this valuable and instructive chronicle of the Campaign of 1884.

For sale by all Book-sellers, or will be sent by mail upon receipt of advertised price.

**KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers,**

Nos. 21, 23 & 25 Warren Street, New York.



TO keep the pores open, the oil glands and tubes active, and I thus furnish an outlet for impurities in the perspiration and blood which cause humiliating blotches, itching humors, black-heads, and minor skin blemishes; to cleanse, whiten, and beautify the skin, remove tan, freckles, sunburn, and oily matter; to keep the hands soft, white, and free from chaps and roughness, prevent contagious skin and scalp diseases, and provide an exquisite skin beautifier and toilet, bath, and nursery sanitary, redolent with delicious flower odors and CUTICURA healing balsams, is the special duty of the CUTICURA SOAP. CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great Skin Cures and Beautifiers, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, cure every form of Skin and Blood Disease, from Pimples to Scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.00.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

### HEALTH.

Swift's Specific cured me of rheumatism three months ago, after my physicians had exhausted their remedies without giving relief.

C. P. GOODYEAR, Att'y at Law, Brunswick, Ga.

I have been entirely relieved of severe rheumatism in my right arm by the use of Swift's Specific, and passed through last winter without a relapse.

SIDNEY HERBERT, Ed. So. Cultivator, Atlanta, Ga.

TWENTY YEARS—I had been a sufferer from rheumatism twenty years; was reduced to a skeleton; could hardly get about, even on crutches. Swift's Specific has cured me sound and well.

MRS. EZRA MERSHON, Macon, Ga.

Swift's Specific has relieved me of rheumatism which at one time threatened to stop my ministerial work.

REV. W. A. KIRK, Cross Plains, Ala.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

**COLUMBIA BICYCLES  
AND TRICYCLES.  
STANCH AND RELIABLE.**  
Send stamp for illustrated Catalogue.  
**THE POPE MFG. CO.,**  
597 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
BRANCH HOUSE, 12 Warren Street, New York.

### FINE CUSTOM TAILORING.

OVERCOATINGS,  
SUITINGS,  
TROUSERINGS.

The Choice of Foreign and Home Manufacture.

Overcoats to order from \$18.00  
Suits " " 20.00  
Pants " " 5.00

SAMPLES AND SELF-MEASUREMENT RULES MAILED  
ON APPLICATION.

**NICOLL, "the Tailor"**  
620 BROADWAY 620  
139—151 BOWERY, N. Y.  
BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.



### A PREMATURE GRAVE.

It will be noticed that whenever a writer misspells a word to give point to a joke, the compositor sees to it that the word is spelled correctly. This is why so many editors have dyspepsia.—*Boston Post "All Sorts."*

"He used to set type," so the grave-digger said,  
Who the pitiful story was telling:  
"Considered himself an adept at his trade,  
And prided himself on his spelling.

"As you may perceive, I'm arranging the sods,  
And shaping them into a pillow,  
And over them soon I will see that there nods,  
Like a plume, the conventional willow.

"Oh, yes, he was killed by an editor's hand—  
Killed instantly, too, that's a fact,  
And scarcely a paper in all the broad land  
But laughs at the terrible act.

"The cause? Only this, the unfortunate wight  
Was one of the type-setting throng  
Who always insist upon spelling words right  
Which writers spell purposely wrong."

—*Boston Courier.*

"How's business?"

"I'm losing money very fast now."

"How?"

"Oh, this cutting of railroad rates."

"How does that affect you?"

"Why, you see, I travel on passes all over these roads, and where I used to save twenty dollars on every trip from New York to Chicago, I only save one dollar now. Dead loss of nineteen dollars.—*Chicago News.*

If some enterprising young fellow would now corner the market on Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup he could make his fortune; for there are thousands who would rather pay double the retail price than be without this valuable remedy.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered Liver. Only one pill a dose.

BREAKFAST COCOA, as a beverage, is universally conceded superior to all other drinks for the weary man of business or the more robust laborer. The preparations of Walter Baker & Co. have long been the standard of merit in this line, and our readers who purchase "Baker's Breakfast Cocoa" will find it a most healthful, delicious and invigorating beverage.

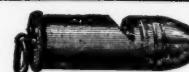
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Over 22,000 Now in Use. Write for Catalogue.  
WAREROOMS, 3 W. 14th ST., N. Y.

### DECKER'S BILLIARD AND POOL

Tables, celebrated for fine workmanship, quickness and durability of cushions. Prices low and terms easy. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

WAREROOMS 722 BROADWAY, N. Y.



ENGRAVING IS HALF-SIZE.

25c POSTAGE. An engraved illustration of a 50-calibre centre-fire cartridge (made from a 50-calibre shell), with nickel bullet, and ring. Very finely made and finished; the LOUDEST, SHRIEKING WHISTLE we know of. Every one warranted. Sent by mail, prepaid, for only 25 cents, in silver or 1-cent stamps. J. A. ROSS & CO., 16 and 17 Dock Square, Boston, Mass. Mention this paper.

### THE FAVORITE. (FIFTY CHANGES)

Simple, Durable, Elegant. A positive household luxury. Send stamp (mention this paper) for Illustrated Catalogue.

STEVENS' ADJUSTABLE CHAIR CO., No. 3 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK**

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Ag'ts.

**PENS** THE MOST POPULAR IN USE. Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161. FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS. ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works Camden, N.J. 26 John St., New York.

HIGHEST GRADE  
A natural  
Champagne  
fermented in the  
bottle.  
Absolute purity.  
Comparison  
will prove  
Superiority  
over the foreign  
Champagnes.  
The finest  
reliable  
Brand  
in the present age of  
adulteration.  
The wine  
of the intellectual,  
educated,  
refined and  
unbiased.

The Balloon "Eclipse" will make daily ascensions from the  
Exposition Grounds, New Orleans.

Not Charged with gas  
Not of  
Catappa flavor.  
Not flavored  
with  
Pineapple, Quince,  
or in any manner.  
Not the wine  
of false  
orientation.  
No acid  
added.  
No headache  
when  
FREELY USED

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An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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Importers direct of Spanish, French, German and Hungarian Wines, also Champagnes, Brandies and Cordials. Sold at lowest market prices. All goods guaranteed Pure.

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STOMACH BITTERS,  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

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TROY, N.Y. ARE SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS  
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Card & Label Press \$3. Larger sizes \$5 to \$75. For old or young. Everything easy, printed directions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory, KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

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Recommended by leading physicians, delivered free anywhere in the U.S. on receipt of price. Lady Agents Wanted.  
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### Piles—Piles—Piles

Cured Without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for references, Dr. Corkins, 11 E. 29th St.

**Did She Die?**

"No!  
She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."  
"The doctors doing her no good;"  
"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."  
"Indeed! Indeed!"  
"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

**A Daughter's Misery.**

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.  
From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility.  
Under the care of the best physicians,  
Who gave her disease various names,  
But no relief.  
And now she is restored to us in good health by a simple remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

**Father is Getting Well.**

"My daughters say:  
How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."  
"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."  
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."  
—A LADY OF Utica, N. Y.

**EDEN MUSÉE**—55 West 23d Street. Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from 1 to 11. —Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors—Trip round the World in 600 Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.

**THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL.**

PERMANENTLY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

Price reduced to 30 cents.

Yearly \$4, including Christmas Number.

THE JANUARY PART, NOW READY, contains the opening chapters of a new story entitled "A BRILLIANT MYSTERY," by the author of "Fairlands," &c.

The January Part also contains a splendid colored triple fashion plate of 24 figures; also original designs for Five O'Clock and Nursery Tea Table Covers.

**ENLARGED GIGANTIC FASHION SUPPLEMENT.**

The coming February Part of The Young Ladies' Journal will contain a great variety of attractions, including designs for "Lawn Tennis" and "Fuschia" Slippers in Berlin Wool Work.

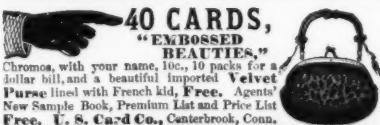
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**WANTED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN** who wish to make \$3 to \$4 a day easily at their own homes. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Address with stamp **CROWN MFG. CO.** 294 Vine St., Cin'ti, O.

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**CONSUMPTION.**  
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express & P. O. address. D. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St. N. Y.

**A PRIZE.**  
Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workshab-solutely sure. At once address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Send this adv. and an order of \$5 and we send 300 Chromo Cards extra.  
**JUST OUT** For Holidays the large No. 1 Giant Self-inker with script outfit for \$5 GIANT PRINTING PRESS, #1 outfit, \$1; SELF-INKER, \$2; with a script type outfit, \$3.50. Sample cards and catalogue, 6c. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**TAPE WORM.**  
INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

**RUPTURE**  
Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with strong endorsements and photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for ten cents.

SWEAR off, though your companions rail.  
You may succeed; but if you fall,  
Tis better to resolve and fail  
Than never to resolve at all.

—Boston Courier.

THE English troops in Egypt are experiencing terrible hardships. A correspondent says that during a recent march the Hussars were sent ahead to prepare tea, but they took the wrong path, and those that followed "were compelled to go without tea; but they bore up cheerfully." To assume a cheerful appearance under such distressing circumstances is calculated to win the world's admiration. As long as General Wolseley doesn't lose his kid gloves or sun umbrella, there is not likely to be worse suffering among the English troops in Egypt.—Norristown Herald.

THE agility with which a Bostonian dodges into a doorway when he hears a suspicious rushing overhead astonishes the stranger who waits to receive the snow-slide.—Boston Post.

**Blair's Pills.**—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, \$1; round, 50 cents. At all druggists.

**Angostura Bitters** is known as the great regulator of the digestive organs all over the world. Have it in your house. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

**ATTRACTIVE AND USEFUL.**

The Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md., the owners of the celebrated Brown's Iron Bitters, have just issued a beautiful *Hand Book* and *Almanac* for ladies, and a complete and useful *Memorandum Book* for men. These publications are attractive, containing a great many valuable and interesting things. They are furnished free of charge by druggists and country store keepers, but should they not have them the Brown Chemical Co. will send either book on receipt of a two cent stamp to pay postage.

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**BAUS PIANOS**

In Use at the Grand Conservatory of Music

PRICES LOW. TERMS EASY.

WAREROOMS:

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**\$5**

YOU CAN SECURE A WHOLE 5 PER CENT

Imperial Austrian 100-Florin Government Bond,

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These bonds are shares in an Austrian Government loan, and are guaranteed by the Imperial Government and redeemed in drawings TWICE ANNUALLY until paid and is redeemed with at least 20 per cent over its face value. A part of the interest on the whole loan is distributed to premium, ranging from 130 Florins to 60,000 florins, and the bonds of bonds redeemed in each drawing. The bonds also bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually. Every bond is entitled to TWO DRAWINGS ANNUALLY, until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw one of the following premiums, as there are NO BLANKS.

2 Premiums	@	60,000 Florins	—	120,000 Florins	—
2	"	10,000	"	20,000	"
2	"	5,000	"	10,000	"
4	"	2,000	"	8,000	"
39	"	1,000	"	20,000	"
60	"	200	"	12,000	"
4,800	"	120	"	270,000	"

Together 4,900 premiums, amounting to 776,000 Florins. The next redemp-tion takes place on the **Second of February**, and every bond bought of us before the 1st of January will be entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders sent to REGISTERED LETTER, and inclosing \$5 will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balance payable in monthly instalments. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address.

**INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,**  
160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, New York City.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lot-tery whatsoever, as lately decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not con-flict with any of the laws of the U. S.  
N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the English Puck.

**EXTRA NOTICE!**

50 cents will be paid at this office for Nos. 10 and 26 of English Puck.

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WHEN YOU DRINK  
**CHAMPAGNE**  
INSIST ON HAVING ONLY  
**PIPER-HEIDSIECK.**  
It is perfectly pure and contains less than 10% of alcohol.

**Pickings from Puck**

(12th Edition)

Is a funny book, containing 64 pages ("Puck" size) of the choice pick of "Puck's" best effervescent jokes and poems, and over 300 side-splitting comic illustrations. Some of you have probably laughed at them before. Those that were thrown into hysterics before will be pleased to repeat it. Those that gaze upon this humorous and witty amalgamation for the first time will be made happier, stouter and better men and women.

This is more fun than was ever before crowded between two covers for

25 Cents (postage free).

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
Publishers, No. 23 Warren Street, New York.  
For Sale by all Book-sellers and News-dealers.

